This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1 8706. 20

Harvard College
Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

Lucy Osgood

OF MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

[ITALIAN GEMS. II]

NEARLY READY

BY THE SAME PUBLISHERS

Canova's Romanza

(The Solution of a Roman Enigma of a Hundred Years Ago)

BY J. F. B.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

Votre vieux serviteur et ami
Silvio Pellico

[ITALIAN GEMS. I]

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

A Tragedy

BY SILVIO PELLICO

With Portrait and Illustrations

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH VERSE WITH CRITICAL PREFACE AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. J. F. BINGHAM, D.D.
Lecturer on Italian Literature in Trinity College
HARTFORD, CONN.

. . . . "FRANCESCA, *your sad fate*
Even to tears my grief and pity moves" — DANTE

CAMBRIDGE: CHARLES W. SEAVER
NEW HAVEN: THE EDWARD P. JUDD COMPANY
HARTFORD: BELKNAP & WARFIELD

MDCCCXCVII

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

I
PORTRAIT OF SILVIO PELLICO . . . Frontispiece

II
PALACE OF THEODORIC—PERSPECTIVE . Facing page XXXIX

III
BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS—RIMINI . . " " LVI

IV
FRANCESCA AND PAOLO . . . . . " " 3

V
CHURCH OF SANTO APOLLINARE NUOVO " " 9

VI
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN PORTO FUORI " " 16

VII
TOMB OF THEODORIC—RAVENNA . . " " 22

VIII
PINETA (PINE-FOREST OF RAVENNA) . . " " 27

IX
ARCH OF AUGUSTUS—RIMINI . . . " " 42

X
GALLA PLACIDIA'S TOMB—RAVENNA . " " 50

XI
MAUSOLEUM OF THE MALATESTI—RIMINI " " 72

XII
PALACE OF THEODORIC—NEAR VIEW . " " 76

XIII
DANTE'S LOVERS IN HELL (FLAXMAN) . " " 88

PREFACE

IN that little curious old provincial capital, *Saluzzo*, some thirty miles southeast of Turin, stands a monument to the memory of her most illustrious son — a name now as familiar as that of DANTE throughout the civilized world — SILVIO PELLICO.

Here he and a twin-sister of extraordinary beauty were born on the 21st of June, 1789. The mother was a *Tournier* (name famous in the manufacture of silk) of Chambery, the ancient capital of Savoy, then as now, after several alternations, a province of France, and always an important intellectual center, as well as a leader in silk manufactures. *Mademoiselle Tournier* had relations also in the silk trade in Lyons. So prized or so important was the name regarded, that she retained it after her marriage, and is always spoken of as *La Signora Pellico-Tournier*.

The father and mother of SILVIO were cultivated and religious people. The father was also a poet of some fame, and formerly held an important civil office in the government. During the political overturnings of the stormy times which ushered in this century in Europe, he lost his civil function and engaged in the manufacture of silk.

The children, of whom there were six, three boys and three girls, alternating with each other in the order of their birth, were educated with the aid of tutors at home—which home was changed, first to Turin, and finally to Milan, where the father had been restored to a place in the civil government.

This education of the children under the devoted care of these excellent people, in an atmosphere of religion, learning, and the purest domestic love, told with beautiful effect on both the mind and heart of SILVIO and left a distinct impress on his whole life and work.

His adored twin-sister he always speaks of as

beautiful and lovely beyond description. To her he was inseparably attached; and her, beyond a doubt, he had in his mind's eye in his impassioned vision of FRANCESCA and of her relations with the beautiful brother-in-law of the Tragedy.

In her eighteenth year, this sister was married to a rich silk merchant of Lyons. SILVIO went with her on the bridal journey to her home and remained in her house four studious years. It is easily possible, of course, to imagine his meeting some object-lessons there — some painful exhibitions of jealousy on the part of the brother-in-law husband toward a brother so in love with and so absorptive of the attention of his wife; in a marriage, too, not improbably (especially in those countries and times), contracted rather from motives of convenience,[1] than of affection or of congeniality. Although there is not a vestige of proof in this direction, yet, however this may have been, all the coïncidences conspire to the conclusion that it was under the genial influence of her

[1] It is said that the husband was also a cousin to the wife on the mother's side.

presence, her smiles, her love, that this pure and lovely master-piece in tragedy was conceived and built up; though it was certainly filed and polished under Italian skies and in the tragic atmosphere that surrounded him in Milan; where he lived in the close companionship of *Foscolo* and *Monti*, and enjoyed the inspiring acquaintance of *Madame de Staël* and Lord Byron and of a passing flow of other names belonging to the literary *élite* of the world.

The talents and temperament of PELLICO, and not less the principal environments of his whole life, were at once peculiar and extraordinary and bore very remarkable fruit both in his literary work and in his contemporary and posthumous fame. He is surely not to be set in the front rank of modern creative genius, with DANTE and SHAKSPEARE and GOETHE. Nor, if the comparison be limited even to modern tragedy in Italy, is it needful to discuss whether, or how far, he should be reckoned the peer of *Alfieri*, *Leopardi*,

Foscolo, or the adored *Manzoni*. Still, however this may be, it is certain that none of these brilliant names, last mentioned, would ever, or could ever, have produced FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

The literary fortune also of PELLICO, considered by itself, is almost the most remarkable in the history of literature. A dark chapter in his personal destiny, which seemed to have blotted out every hope, was transformed by his character and genius into the most efficient means of a world-wide and assured literary fame.

The FRANCESCA DA RIMINI had been produced. It had caught the ear of the people. Fame seemed to be coming. But he was still a youth. His name was new to the world. Only the first trembling notes of the uncertain trumpet were beginning to echo in Italy.[2] Suddenly, in this first budding of youthful promise, he was withdrawn from view, as entirely as if he were in his

[2] Of his eight published tragedies, three saw the light before his arrest, viz.: the *Francesca*, 1814; the *Eufemio da Messina*, 1820: the *Ester d' Engaddi*, 1820; and one, the *Iginia d' Asti*, issued from the press in 1821, while he was in prison in Venice. Four others, the *Leoniero da Dertona*, the *Gismonda da Mendrisio*, the *Erodiade*, the *Tommaso Moro*, came out after his release, between 1830 and 1834.

grave. He was virtually in the chambers of the dead—even in Hell itself. Arrested and condemned for constructive treason, he was incarcerated, practically for life, first in the dreadful tomb of the *Piombi* in Venice,[3] and finally in the still more horrible sepulchre of the *Spielberg* in Moravia.

He lived to issue to the light and air of this living world; and to recount the tremendous and refined tortures undergone by the wretched human beings who moved and breathed and suffered in these infernal abodes, still this side the river of death. No sooner was that story uttered upon the free air of heaven, than it was evident to all the world that the star of PELLICO had not set. It had emerged from the black cloud which ten years before had seemed to quench it, now like a comet blazing in the face of the universe.

[3] The *Piombi*, *i. e.*, "the Leads," are prisons under the leaden roof of the Palace of the Doges. These, long closed to the public, after the uprising of the people in 1797, and during the years of Austrian domination, and the *Pozzi*, *i. e.*, "the Wells," a series of dungeons with a torture-chamber and a place of execution for political criminals—object-lessons concerning Austrian tyranny—are now, under redeemed Italy, made accessible to visitors.

The book, MY IMPRISONMENTS (*Le Mie Prigioni*), was first published at Turin in 1832. It was written in prose of unpretending simplicity, with an almost superhuman gentleness and sincerity, and with an angelic pathos all his own, without one blast of malediction, one growling thunder of the coming storm; but, in the event, it made the Austrian powers turn pale and shook that old iron throne. For it was quickly translated into every language of modern Europe, carried the civilized world off its feet with admiration and astonishment, made all Christendom blush with inextinguishable sympathy and anger; and, as was acutely remarked by an eminent statesman of the time, "It struck a heavier blow upon the tyranny of Austria and for Italian liberty, than would have been the loss of an army in battle."

Yet it was not the wild intensity of *Alfieri*, nor the blazing intelligence of *Leopardi*, nor the Grecian affluence of *Foscolo*—*it was a singular magnetic pathos*—a peculiar and peerless *timbre*, so to speak, in that tearful voice—which excited these

world-wide applauses and wrung from the eyes of the nations these passionate tears.

It is this same quality, and exercised in a strikingly similar manner, which made the FRANCESCA, twenty years earlier, a master-piece — not to astonish, or terrify; but to fill our hearts with sorrow and our eyes with tears. It was the possessor of this same gentle, pure, beautiful soul, in his years of early bloom; when his faculties were already fully ripe, his studies arrived at their climax, the passions of youth still glowing; and above all, while the atrocious sufferings of the Austrian prisons had not yet weakened the forces of his body, nor depressed the elasticity of his spirit — it was this same subtile intellect and this same peerless heart which created the FRANCESCA in the high-noon of brightness, fancy, and passion.

Of course the phenomenal currency and *éclat* of the *Prigioni* — comparable to nothing in modern times, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Stowe's sensational story on American negro slavery — after the first mad *furor* had died away, was found to

have lifted PELLICO into an assured literary eminence before the world; and turned the thoughts of men back, to contemplate anew the creations he had already produced before the catastrophe came; to wonder what might have been, if that misfortune had never befel; and to lament the loss of what now could never be expected from that lovely, magnetic pen. But the sweet, heart-touching FRANCESCA was safe; and, indeed, more interesting and more lovely still, in sounding its sad, silver plaint across the dead, distant silence of the abyss that lay between the two immortal master-pieces.

It is also true, indeed, that in the tragedy of FRANCESCA, PELLICO *was greatly fortunate in his subject*, not only from a national standpoint, but as well from whatever point of view we regard it. The theme was certainly essentially Italian and patriotic, being at once conspicuously historic and inextricably entangled in the meshes of a political destiny with which his countrymen were still environed.

Apart from all other causes of its perennial popularity in Italy, it were perhaps enough, that *there is, running through it, a vein of sincere, glowing, palpitating patriotism*—a pulse which never fails to stir the Italian heart; and when those thrilling words drop from the lips of *Paolo*, in the 5th Scene of the First Act,[4] it was not and is not to-day an uncommon thing, for the excited audience to rise upon their feet and cheer to the echo, so that the actors must pause till the spasm of patriotism is quieted.

But the tragedy, again, was built upon a theme of *uniquely universal human feeling*—a fatefully twisted cord of innocent love, sorrow, suffering—in which all men, and nearly all alike, are interested; and than which no other in the whole cycle of human sympathies appeals more powerfully to the tenderest sentiment, of our common humanity.

Besides this, it has ever been and is, of course, a very great thing, that *the story lies under the*

---

[4] "*For whom was stained my brand with slaughter?*" etc. See page 21.

aegis and blazes with the reflected glory of the Dantean song. Those seventy wonderful lines of the Divine Comedy which immortalize the plot and are treasured in every memory,[8] and the spectacle, living in every fancy, of the great poet weeping and fainting and falling to the ground,

"*as a death-struck body falls,*"

at FRANCESCA'S sweetly sad recital of her story, would alone set the theme of the tragedy before the world in a position of dignity and expectation which no other could possibly surpass.

Beyond this, the crowning article of PELLICO'S good fortune has been, that the theme of this tragedy was of that class than which no other could be more distinctly, in the language of Italy itself, *il suo proprio;*—preëminently suited to his own peculiar powers, experience, and temperament;—to his singularly trusting and affectionate disposition; to the sensitiveness of wounds then still fresh in his own heart from two experiences of unfortunate love; to the keenness of

[8] See Introduction, page xl.

his patriotism, already writhing in the iron grasp of Austrian tyranny, and the unrestrainable activity of which was about to carry him into Austrian dungeons; and finally to that almost mystic sentiment of moral purity in which he was infinitely the superior of all the bright modern names mentioned above; unless we except *Manzoni*, who, notwithstanding the virtues of his latest years, cannot in this regard be set down as his peer.

The conception of actual stain on the character of his heroine was too repulsive to the virgin purity of PELLICO'S soul to be tolerated in his thoughts or admitted into his plot; and here his art is beautifully conspicuous in keeping the idea of guilt within the limits of powerful temptation, that is to say, feminine tenderness and frailty battling with conditions that stir our souls in a heart-wringing sympathy with the wavering struggles of innocence against nature itself; while with a self-sacrificing loyalty to husband, father, and heaven, she accepts as guilt the secret and stifled suggestions of her heart, and at last

flings away her life under a cloud of unjust accusations and in an effort to prevent crime and promote the happiness of others at any and every sacrifice of her own. *So that in* PELLICO'S *tragedy there is not a word unfit for a virgin's or an angel's ear*, or "*which dying he could wish to blot.*"

The result of all has been a masterfully executed master-plot in tragedy: — a husband's tender yet maddening grief; an aged father's heart-breaking shame and agony; the unspeakable anguish of filial love enforced by conscientious conjugal duty and unbending religious scruple, battling to the death against a passion innocently conceived in early maidenhood and become invincible with growing years; heroic struggles to quench the flame, which is evermore reënkindled by unexpected, unsought, persistent contacts with the torch itself through inevitable destiny; — all in such words and under such lights and shadows of sentiment as only PELLICO'S mind and heart could conceive; and finally so purified from grossness in passing through the sublimated

atmosphere of PELLICO'S soul that the shadow of crime, if crime there be, is dissolved away in the sentiment of the reader's heart: "Oh the pity—the endless pity of it!" or constrains him, metaphorically, to make his own Dante's picturesque words:

> . . . . . *di piatade*
> *I' vanni men così com' io morisse;*
> *E caddi come corps morto cade.*[6]

If anything more were needed to set forth in a conspicuous light the sweet subtilty of PELLICO'S genius and, above all, the exalted standard of his own moral sentiments, beautifully exemplified in the execution of this tragedy, it would easily be found in a comparison of his work with that of other well-known names who have essayed with much *éclat* to handle this same delicate and uncertain material. For a great example: There can be no doubt that the appearance of this tragedy of PELLICO, coming out with such success in Italy in 1814, was the inspiring cause of

---

[6] . . . . through pity
I fainted so as I had died;
And fell as a dead body falls.
See Flaxman's design opposite page 88.

Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*, appearing in 1816. For Hunt was living with Byron in Italy at that time; and in fact some lines of this tragedy are found entire in that poem.

The poem, as is well-known, met with instant and, to a certain extent, deserved success. It is safe to say that by it Hunt made his own most lasting mark on English literature. But nothing could more clearly show the impassable gulf between the genius, intellectual and moral, of Hunt and of PELLICO, than a comparison of this production — founded on the same possible material, and so greatly and, as I have said, to a certain extent justly praised, for its bright coloring, its striking lines of word-painting, its many touches of sensuous beauty — notwithstanding its dull, unpoetic diction, the general commonplaceness, superficiality, and worldliness (not to say fleshiness) of the amorous sentiments, and the clumsy if not coarse allusions — with the evenly beautiful and poetic diction, the Grecian severity of expression, the profound stir of heart-rending grief, and

the almost superhuman purity of the amorous emotions which find utterance in PELLICO'S tragedy in words and scenes that are, in the closing words of the tragedy itself:

> . . . . . *basta, onde tra poco*
> *Inorridisca al suo ritorno il sole.*[7]

PELLICO, though classed by the critics, technically, and I suppose correctly, among *Romanticists*[8], nevertheless adheres, with classical pre-

---

[7] . . . . . enough to make
The sun at his return to creep with chills.

[8] I suppose that the principal elements of *Romanticism*, technically so called, as distinguished from *Classicism* (as far, at least, as the literature of Italy was concerned in PELLICO's day), may be reduced to the following heads.

1. As to material, Romanticism replaced the Mythology and History of Ancient Greece and Rome by Christianity and the annals of the Middle Ages; embracing as an important factor the Medieval faiths and superstitions; and adding a strong tincture of the customs of Chivalry.

2. As to method, the Romantic posed as *excluding the severities* of the ancient schools; *e. g.*, with regard to mingling the noble with the base, the serious with the ridiculous, observing the unities of time and place; aiming above all at effect and emotion; coloring as faithfully as possible, nature and the history of different countries and ages, without artificial embellishments; adapting all to the capacity of the common people, with less regard to elegance and polish of style.

In respect of material, PELLICO's work lies clearly in this category. His rejection of the old mythology is absolute. The patriotism of his heroes and heroines is everywhere marked. Of his eight published tragedies, six have medieval Italian subjects, the other two Scriptural themes. In this regard he stands in eminent romantic precedence before *Alfieri*.

In respect of method, also, he abjures, with the Romanticists, studied polish and regularities, aims at simple and faithful coloring of nature, at intensity of effect, and labors to adapt his style to the common mind.

He differs from the Romanticists, *toto coelo*, in banishing every coarse word or vicious allusion, as well as the Pagan taint that inheres in the medieval chivalry.

cision, to the '*unities*' as severely as did *Alfieri*, or even as the most severe of the ancient Greeks. There is no by-play in his work, no counter-plot. His story always unfolds with Grecian simplicity. In the FRANCESCA, four speaking persons only are represented. The interest is enkindled wholly from the sentiment and art of the dialogue; and grows with the steadily intensifying consecution of the thought. It is, in a word, the difference between *Sophocles* and Shakspeare. No doubt, as an instantaneous and catching power on the unintelligent or unthinking, it is a weakness, but it is a delightful and fast-binding charm upon an intellectual audience, or upon a reader perusing it thoughtfully in his closet.

For such the charm of the FRANCESCA never for an instant flags. A bewitchment, ever more and still more absorbing, gathers around us as we read, comparable only to the fascination of the greater tragedies of all time; and hardly surpassed by any of these. It is not too much to say that neither the ALCESTIS of *Euripides*, nor

the ANTIGONE of *Sophocles* — both of which, together with the same noble absence of all coarse or lubricious allusions, are addressed to much the same sympathies — raises in our judgment a more exalted respect for the sublime innocence of her soul, or more powerfully touches our pity for the sweetly passionate heroine's cruel fate.

I, surely, for one, should be sorry to be the man who could read the FRANCESCA, especially the third act, without being powerfully moved, not to say without palpitations and tears.

INTRODUCTION.

The FRANCESCA was first published in 1814, and was immediately received with applause, particularly by *Alfieri* and *Foscolo* and *Leopardi*, and by Lord Byron, who was living much in Italy (and most of all in his favorite *Ravenna*), in 1816. It first made the circuit of the Italian theatres in 1818, with the celebrated *Carlotta Marchionni* as FRANCESCA. It was everywhere a success from the first, and has never ceased to be a popular favorite in Italy.

The tragedy was operaized about 1820 by *Felice Romani*, the most famous libretto-poet of Italy and of his time. To meet the necessary brevity of an operatic *libretto*, the drama was condensed into

two acts — the first three of the tragedy going into the first act of the Opera; and the fourth and fifth of the tragedy, much shortened, constituting the brief final act of the Opera.

In this condensation, three or four of the less dramatic scenes of the tragedy were altogether omitted from the *libretto;* but in the choruses and airs, for the most part, the sentiments and the order of the tragic thought appear; and to a considerable extent, words and expressions of the tragedy are interwoven. In the recitative, this is not only true, but here and there, whole lines are transferred entire. Of new material, not more than some twenty lines have been added — mainly such only as were needed to complete the connections.

To meet the requirements for operatic effect, also, two new speaking characters were introduced:

ISAURE, female friend of FRANCESCA.
GUELFO, an officer of LANCIOTTO.

Also, knights, ladies, soldiers, and citizens were added as a silent exhibit.[1]

The several successive musical composers, to meet their own ideas of beauty, or novelty, or effect, or some peculiarity in their own music, took considerable liberties in abridging and altering the *libretti* of their predecessors. E. g., *Giuseppe Staffa*, following *Carlini* by six years in the Royal Theatre of *San Carlo* in Naples, shortened for his own music *Carlini's* libretto-text about one-fifth — omitting several whole scenes in the first act and changing some forty or fifty lines,

---

[1] This *libretto* has been set to music by many composers, among the most noted of whom are the following :

Strepponi, Padua, 1823.
CARLINI, Naples, 1825.
Mercadante, Madrid, 1828.
Quilchi, Lucca, 1829.
Generali, Venice, 1829.
STAFFA, Naples, 1831.
Fournier-Gorre, Leghorn, 1832.
Tamburini, Rimini, 1836.
Borgatta, Genoa, 1840.
Milan Conservatory, 1841.
Canelli, Vincenza, 1843.
Brancaccio, Venice, 1844.
Franchini, Lisbon, 1857.
Marcarini, Bologna, 1870.

Besides versions and adaptations by many others, especially by *Morin*, Lyons, 1879, *A. Thomas*, Paris, 1882, etc., etc.

giving a somewhat different sense and *dénouement*, in the last.[1]

There is an enigma concerning the connection of the tragedy with Lord Byron, which has not been, and perhaps never can be, satisfactorily solved. PELLICO himself says, in a letter to his father, written after his arrest and from the prison of primary detention, under date of January 21, 1821: *Ho buoni libri e traduco un poema inglese. É giusto ch' io retribuisca agli Inglesi la cortesia che hanno per me, giacchè hanno fatto conoscere con molta lode la mia* FRANCESCA DA RIMINI *al loro paese; si legge su questa tragedia un articolo lusinghiero nel* Quarterly Review *di dicembre, con*

[1] By eminent good fortune, since the end of 1896, one may see, at the Astor Library, New York, *Romani's libretto*, as it was sung for the first time in CARLINI'S setting, on the 19th of August, 1825, before their Majesties, the King and Queen of the two Sicilies, at the Royal Theatre of *San Carlo* in Naples; and also the shortened *libretto* as it was sung in STAFFA'S music at the same theatre in the spring of 1831.

degli squarci della traduzione che ne ha fatta lord Byron.[3] [I have good books and am translating an English poem.[4] It is right that I return to the English the courtesy which they have done me in making known to their country with much praise my FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. There is a flattering article on this tragedy in the Quarterly Review of December, with some excerpts of the translation which Lord Byron has made of it.]

The same statement is current among Italian writers to-day. E. g., "*Il Byron la voltò in lingua inglese.*"[5] [Byron turned it into English.]

"*La Francesca da Rimini celebratissima allora e tuttora popolare e che ebbe l' onore di una traduzione del Byron.*"[6] [The FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, most celebrated (of all) and always popular, and which had the honor of a translation by Byron.]

---

[3] Epistolario, Firenze, 1856, page 26.

[4] Probably Byron's *Manfred*, which is extant.

[5] DISEGNO STORICO DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA da R. Fornaciari Firenze, 1891, page 325.

[6] MANUALE DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA dai D'Ancona e Bacci, Firenze 1895, vol. V, page 345.

Professor *D'Ancona*, of the University of *Pisa*, senior editor of the extended work from which this last statement is taken, writes under date of June 10, 1896:

"*Cio che è detto nel* MANUALE *su una traduzione della* FRANCESCA *di* PELLICO *tradotta da lord Byron è vero; ma inesattamente infinito; dovessi forse dire che il Byron ne tradusse parte, non tutta intera la tragedia. Io non ho mai veduta cotesta traduzione, ma ne ho rilevata la notizia da questo passo di una lettera di* PELLICO *al padre, di 25 Gennajo 1821.* . . . (Here he quotes the passage already cited.) *La notizia è data in modo certo e resta da sapere se la traduzione fu fatta o no per intero, o se anche di tutti gli squarci tradotti da lord Byron solo alcuni furono inseriti nell' Articolo. Il nodo si sciogliera probabilmente ritrovando il n° di Decembre 1820 di celebre periodico inglese.*" [What is said in the Manual about a translation of the Francesca of Pellico translated by Lord Byron is true, but very inexact. Perhaps I ought to have said that Byron translated part, not the whole tragedy.

I have never seen this translation, but I built the notice of it upon this passage of a letter of Pellico to his father of 25 January, 1821. . . . .

The notice is given in a certain way and depends on knowing whether or not the translation was made throughout, or even whether only some of all the fragments translated by Lord Byron were inserted in the Article. The knot will probably be untied by reverting to the number of December, 1820, of the celebrated English periodical.]

The Article to which PELLICO and the Professor refer is indeed found in the Quarterly Review of that date; but it is certain that Byron was not the writer of that Article, and there seems to be no sufficient reason to believe that he translated the passages cited there; nor is there any known version of this tragedy by him, though, as is well known, he translated the passage in the fifth canto of DANTE'S *Inferno*, which contains the story.[7]

[7] The following letters bearing on the problem, from

Richard Garnett, Esq., C.B., LL.D., keeper of printed books of the British Museum, and from John Murray, Esq., hereditary publisher of the Quarterly Review, may be of interest to the reader:

[DR. GARNETT'S LETTER.]

British Museum, London, W. C.,
August 1, 1896.

Dear Sir:

Upon receiving your inquiry respecting Byron's alleged translation of Silvio Pellico's Francesca da Rimini, I applied to Mr. John Murray as the fountainhead of information respecting Byron and the Quarterly Review.

I enclose his answer, which seems to leave no room for further question. . . . .

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours Very Truly,

R. Garnett.

Rev. Dr. Bingham.

[MR. MURRAY'S LETTER.]

50 Albemarle Street, W.,
July 31, '96.

My dear Sir:

The article to which you refer is, no doubt, that on Italian Tragedy which appeared in Q. R. No. 47.

Of course it is possible that PELLICO was misled or misinformed; and it is possible, also (since he had certainly made the acquaintance of Byron, and they sometimes met during these years), that Byron had indeed done it or part of it into English, and that PELLICO had seen, or at least heard of this in manuscript. Indeed the writer

---

The number ought to have been published in Oct., 1820, but was not ready till Dec.

The writer of the Article was H. H. Milman (afterwards Dean of St. Paul), and I have no reason to believe that the translations were not his own.

The fact that Byron did actually translate the passage in Dante, referring to Francesca di Rimini and that it was published in 1821* may probably have given rise to some misconception, but I feel confident that he had nothing whatever to do with the Q. R. Article.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

John Murray.

To Richard Garnett, Esq., LL.D.

---

* Mr. Murray is in error here. Byron himself has attached to this fragment the date of 1825. J. F. B.

of the article on PELLICO, in the ENGLISH CYCLOPEDIA, states this as a fact, on what authority does not appear. All that is certain is that no such translation is now known to exist; and it does not seem likely that the truth about it can ever be further established.

THE PLOT.

Of the story there are several considerable variations, all resting on equally authentic and equally uncertain traditions and differing greatly in details, particularly in aggravations of the heroine's misfortunes, and in the brutality of the *dénouement.*

DANTE, with his usual consummate art, makes FRANCESCA recite her own wrongs, which the 'peerless lady' does with most touching delicacy. Her language, as becomes such a lady, is so delicate as in some parts to be ambiguous, and leave the reader free to imagine, according to his own temperament or prejudices, a greater or less degree of her guilt and of the savagery of her punishment.[8]

---

[8] E. g., in Dante, Francesca merely says :

Amor . . . . . .
Prese costui della bella persona
*Che mi fu tolta, e'l modo ancor m' offende.'**
[Love . . . . . .
Caught him [Paolo] of the beautiful body
Which was reft from me, and the manner still
offends me.]

* Inferno, c. v. l. 100.

Carlo Troya, in his exhaustive treatise on the *Allegoric Greyhound of Dante*, and others, explain and enlarge this with the tradition that the lovers were surprised *in flagrante delicto* by the husband and by him pinned together by his sword; and 300 years afterward, being exhumed in *Pesaro* (whither they had eloped) for re-interment in *Rimini*,[9] they were found with their silken raiment still undecayed.

Giovanni Boccaccio, in his Commentary on this passage, does not deny the above — except that he represents the pinning of the two together as an accidental and involuntary stroke, on the part of Lanciot ("for he loved her better than himself"), Paul being overtaken in flight, and *Francesca* throwing herself between, while the blow of Lanciot was descending.

But *Boccaccio* explains further that an outrageous deception had been practised on FRANCESCA in the original act of her marriage. He tells us that the marriage having been agreed on, for

[9] See plate opposite page 72. — MAUSOLEUM OF THE MALATESTI.

reasons of state, between the father and the conqueror, it was feared that the beautiful girl would not easily be persuaded to wed a man so physically deformed, notwithstanding his military fame and the acknowledged virtues of his life. Accordingly his brother PAOLO, a handsome youth with gracious manners, was sent (as was not uncommon among princes of that day), to enact by proxy the ceremonials of the marriage. With such art and fraud was this accomplished, that the young and trusting and happy FRANCESCA believed him to be truly her husband, and was only disabused of the deceit, when on the morning following her arrival at the palace in *Rimini* she saw the horrid LANCIOTTO arising from her side.

This is given as another explanation of FRANCESCA'S words above cited:

. . . . *e 'l modo ancor m' offende,*

and if it is again an infinite enhancement of our pity for the unfortunate princess, it is too gross an image for the angelic soul of PELLICO to contemplate or allow.

[10] DANTE'S FABLE.

Coming into the second circle of Hell, DANTE witnesses the punishment of luxurious sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Among Semiramis and Dido and Cleopatra and Tristan and a thousand others who perished through love, he meets with FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, from whom he hears the pitiful story of her unhappy love.

HELL, CANTO V. *Lines* 70–142.

When I had heard my sage instructor* name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpower'd
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Sway'd them towards us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse

---

[10] I have preferred to give it in Mr. Cary's version which seems to me for the English reader far the best of all the seventy-five English translations, more or less, of Dante's immortal poem; and of which Lord Macaulay has, I think, so aptly said: "I turn with pleasure to Mr. Cary's translation. There is no other version in the world, as far as I know, so faithful, there is no other version which so fully proves that the translator is himself a man of poetic genius."

* Virgil.

With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding; with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged:
"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all we own'd,
Our prayer to Him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land,* that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learn'd,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Taken in such cruel sort, as grieves me still;
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,

* Ravenna.

That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death. Caïna waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words.
At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point

Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

PELLICO'S FABLE.

ACT I.

Francesca, daughter of Guido, lord of Ravenna, has been married to Lancelot, lord of Rimini. Her husband adores her; but she falls into a strange melancholy. His numberless efforts to gratify, amuse, and cheer her are all in vain. She is grateful for his kindness, esteems him for his virtues, blames herself for lack of warmth toward such a husband, but remains despondent even to the point of wishing to die for the happiness (as she conceives) of all concerned.

Guido, being sent for, suggests to Lancelot as a probable cause of her dejection, her loss in the late war of a dearly-loved brother. She seems to admit this. But Lancelot finds reasons to suspect some early love from which she cannot free her heart, and, in his generosity, hardly blames her for it. At the mention of a proposed visit of Paul, the brother of her husband, whom she has learned to have been the slayer of her brother, she is thrown into a paroxysm of distress, and begs to be sent home to Ravenna to escape the sight of him. To this the father objects. Francesca pleads, saying now, mys-

teriously, that her character depends on it. Lancelot, out of generous love, consents.

Suddenly Paul's arrival is announced. Father and daughter retire. The brothers have a most affectionate meeting, in which Paul utters the famous lines of patriotism.[1] They confess to one another, each his own impeded love. Lancelot discloses that the lady is his wife; that she is so incensed against Paul, for having killed her brother, as to refuse even to see him; and finally informs him that she is Guido's daughter. Paul is terribly shocked, but dissembles his emotion, and, in a passion of fraternal affection, forcibly exchanges swords with Lancelot declaring he will depart and never meet her.

ACT II.

Francesca is alone with her father. She begs him to pity her situation; confesses, in ambiguous terms, that she has a secret in her heart which it would be a crime to divulge; acknowledges that her husband has reasons for his suspicions; but declares that she is still a faithful, innocent wife. The father suggests that her desire to go to Ravenna is to meet some paramour. This she denies with scorn and tears. He, in a rage, leaves her.

---

[1] See Act I, sc. V, and Preface, page xviii.

At this moment her husband comes in. The two converse affectionately. Lancelot pictures how gloomy his life will be without her, worst of all, feeling that she is unable to love him. He urges that Paul is going away, in order that she may stay; and praises his many virtues, especially his self-denial for her sake. This breaks her down. She is begging pardon of her husband, when, at this moment, Paul comes in. With a scream, she throws herself into her husband's arms and buries her face in his bosom.

Paul proceeds to address her. She makes him no reply, nor lifts her face. He explains at length that her brother was killed by him involuntarily; declares he would gladly have saved his life at the price of his own; and then bursts into tears. She asks her husband if Paul has gone, and who it is that is weeping. Paul answers for himself and goes on to tell his honors won in battle, and how he saved matrons and maidens from distress and dishonor. Suddenly he calls her name, utters a farewell, and flees. She lifts her face for a last glance, and involuntarily screams, 'Paul!—I am undone!' The startled husband reproaches her. He says he is tired of her behavior, and leaves her retorting that she, too, is tired of his unjust reproaches, and longs for peace, even in the tomb.

ACT III.

Francesca walks, soliloquizing. She wonders where Paul has gone. She says the walls of the palace are dear for his sake; that the ground is sacred which has been wet with his tears. She groans to think she is a wife, and declares she must spend her days and nights in prayer to God, who is the refuge of hopeless misfortune.

Paul, overhearing, returns to his suit. She replies with cold and distant respect. He perseveres. She sternly bids him leave her. He still persists, and, in glowing words, says he will do anything for her or at her command; that he desires only an approving word, a look, a smile, and bursts out that he loves her to despair. She calls him mad; tells him to let go her hand; that every one of his kisses on it is a crime.

She cannot shake him off. He goes on to describe his first sight of her, and how he had loved her every moment since. She entreats him to cease. He will not, but goes on to speak of their reading together of that other Lancelot, the paramour of King Arthur's Queen Genevieve; how their eyes met; how she trembled and rose and fled, leaving the book in his hand; how he had carried the book ever since over his heart. Then he draws the book from his bosom, shows her her own tear-marks on the page, and finally compels her to confess that she loves

him — is dying of love for him. But still she begs and conjures him again and again to go away — to regard her distress and respect her virtue.

While this struggle between mad passion and a tender but firmly virtuous heart is still going on, Lancelot and Guido encounter them. Paul attempts to appear unconcerned, bids a calm 'good-by' to his brother and another to Francesca. She, with the scream, 'He is going . . . I cannot live,' faints in the arms of her father and is carried to her apartments.

Lancelot and Paul now have a few bitter words, and the latter, attempting to go, is by the maddened prince ordered into confinement.

ACT IV.

Lancelot, remembering that Guido and Francesca are hurrying their departure, sends a page to tell Guido of his wish to see Francesca. He also orders that Paul be brought before him. Guido arrives first and tells him that he feels certain that Francesca is innocent, but the victim of a horrible destiny. He describes how he took her to the altar, put her under the most tremendous oaths, held over her head a naked sword, and in the fear and expectation of instant death she persisted in asseverating her innocence. He says he is her father still and it is his duty to save her, as it is Lancelot's duty to see

her no more. Guido then leaves Lancelot in order to hurry away with Francesca to Ravenna.

Paul now arrives and Lancelot assails him in a very excited manner, setting out the wickedness of his conduct in the most exasperating terms. Paul admits the injury and says that in similar circumstances he would do his worst on such an offender. But he repudiates the term 'vile' which Lancelot has used of him, saying that the love of such a lady exalts the heart that is inflamed with it. As to his loving her he couldn't help it when he saw her, and therefore is not to blame for it, and other similar philosophy; and adds that princes are not apt to inherit human feeling; which throws the prince into a new madness, and he flies at him with his sword.

At this moment Guido and Francesca appear, ready to start for Ravenna. Francesca, who leads, catching sight of the conflict, cries out to her father to interfere. Lancelot yields to his father-in-law, but adds that his trouble will carry him soon to his grave, on which SHE will dance with delight, and ANOTHER will come and dance with her there. This brings Francesca to declare that her flame for Paul was no such vile passion as that, but was a pure love for a noble prince before she was a wife, and this affection, though she was not able to conceal it, was a secret in her heart, of which indeed her husband might

justly complain; but if Paul had not come she should have carried it with her to the grave. Lancelot scouts this, and asserts that the lovers were planning to escape from his hands and meet in Ravenna, and perhaps her father had promised to help them accomplish it. Paul says this is a 'vile' thought, which still more maddens Lancelot. He orders Paul to be surrounded with guards and permanently watched, even in his confinement. Paul resents and resists, and is overpowered, disarmed, and, calling on the name of Francesca, is led away to prison. Guido conducts the excited prince to his apartments.

ACT V.

It is now evening. Francesca is sitting alone beneath a hanging lamp. Guido enters from the apartments of Lancelot. He tells her that Lancelot, leaning on his breast, after listening to many soothing suggestions, has been pacified, has even promised to forgive Paul, and is ready to let her depart without seeing her again; that therefore the moment has come for her to go. But she declares she must see him again; must show him her remorse for her past apparent ingratitude; must throw herself at his feet and conjure him not to think her vile, and tell him she craves his pardon, without which she despairs of that of heaven. At her absolute command Guido goes to bring Lancelot.

Francesca, alone, sets herself to her devotions. She prays earnestly for the two brothers and for their royal house. Suddenly on this privacy, Paul bursts in flourishing a naked sword. He cries out that he has had a vision of her murder, has overpowered his keepers, and come to protect her. Francesca endeavors in vain to send him away. He makes mad protestations of his love for her. She tries in vain to silence him, telling him it is guilt in her even to hear his amatory speeches. He persists, and she calls aloud for her father. At this he accuses her father of wrecking her life and being the cause of all their woe.

At this moment Guido returns bringing Lancelot, who, seeing with astonishment and uncontrollable rage Paul and Francesca together, flies at Paul with his sword. Francesca throws herself between. Lancelot in his madness stabs her first, then attacks Paul, who throws away his sword and receives the death-blow without resistance. The prince, fixing his crazed eyes on the weltering body of Francesca, says, '*How red her blood is!*' and turns the dripping sword-point to his own breast, when Guido arrests his arm, crying that the blood just shed is already his own and is enough — enough to make the now rising sun shudder as he lifts the curtain of night from the horrible scene.

CERTAINTIES.

Underlying realities are not, indeed, always needful, nor perhaps, helpful to the highest enjoyment of a fanciful creation. But in the present instance I think it greatly enhances our interest above a mere fancy, like *Romeo* and *Juliet*, however beautiful and touching such a mere fancy may be, that we are able to read in indisputable history of the contemporary princely families of the *Malatesti* at *Rimini*, and of the *Polenti* at *Ravenna;* of the character and doings both of *Lanciotto Malatesta* and of *Guido Polenta* —the one certainly the husband, the other certainly the kinsman (whether father or nephew),[11] of FRANCESCA POLENTA, heroine of *Dante's* illustrious episode and of *Pellico's* tragedy.

But, beyond this, if our sentiments are stimulated by an *ideal* certainty that these famous and much suffering men and women were realities,

[11] See page 11 note.

like ourselves, the affecting impression is yet greatly more brightened and intensified, when we are able *really to see* with our own eyes to-day, after the lapse of 700 years, *still substantially unchanged*, many places and objects which were there, and must daily have met the eyes of FRANCESCA and her friends, both at *Ravenna* during all her earlier years, and at *Rimini*, while its unhappy queen, and on the sea-washed highway[12] so frequently traveled between.

The childhood home of FRANCESCA in *Ravenna* — in what palace she was born — at what font she was christened — before what altar the fatal proxy nuptial Mass was said — all this is now wholly unknown.

But many a gloriously venerable church still stands on whose already centuries-old pavement her childhood and her girlhood feet often must have trod; at whose confessionals she must have opened her soul in penitence; before whose altars she must have knelt in prayer; and where she must have received the 'Body of the Lord.'

[12] See plate opposite page 27.

Nearer a certainty than a fancy, must be the thought of her kneeling beneath the glorious mosaics, before *Galla Placidia's* tomb;[13] or walking in solemn wonder between the red-marbled piers of *San Vitale*, patron saint of *Ravenna*, and gazing up to their exquisite Byzantine capitals, and into the semi-circular cupola "where Justinian and Theodora still dimly blaze in the gold and purple of the mosaics"; or wandering thoughtfully among the twenty-four Byzantine-capped cipolin columns of *Santo Apollinare Nuovo*,[14] the Arian Cathedral of Theodoric, religiously admiring on every side the still most impressive mosaics in the world.

In walks and drives outside the city-wall she must often have passed and repassed the still amazing tomb of the Great Ostrogoth, Theodoric.[15] But what shall we say, in her drives toward the sea, of her frequent visits to the Church of *Santa Maria in Porto Fuori* — now deso-

[13] See plate opposite page 50.
[14] See plate opposite page 9.
[15] See plate opposite page 22.

late indeed, but then in the freshness of barely a century old, where were sleeping her ancestresses and female relations, Princesses of the house of *Polenta*, and where above all, in the fresco of a Scriptural scene, we see to-day the portrait of FRANCESCA herself?[16] Finally, among many another object often gazed on by her, and standing yet for us to-day, with what feelings, on her bridal departure from *Ravenna*, to be a foreign conqueror's queen, must she have looked for the last time on almost the last object of importance that met her view, as her sumptuous train with banners and music swept along the *Corso* toward *Rimini*—the ruined Palace of the great Theodoric![17]

We may ride to-day along that same old Roman road where marched in medieval splendor that proxy bridal procession of PAOLO and FRANCESCA from *Ravenna* to *Rimini*. The same Pine Forest[18] will skirt our way on the right, and

---

[16] See plate opposite page 16.
[17] See plate opposite. Also plate opposite page 76.
[18] See plate opposite page 27.

the same blue waters of the Adriatic will ripple at our feet on the left. On reaching *Rimini* we shall cross the little river *Marechia*, which washes it on the north, by the same ancient, five-arched, travertine Roman bridge,[19] built by Augustus 30 years before the commencement of our era. Passing up the old *Corso* for a quarter of a mile we shall come to an ancient square on our right, with the fountain, omnipresent in every old Roman capital, and back of it the remains of the *Palace of the Malatesti*, much dilapidated, indeed, but strong enough still to be used for a prison to-day, and rearing its grim walls to our view, exactly as they fell on the view of FRANCESCA POLENTA when she entered it more really a gilded and garlanded hostage of war, than what she seemed — a royal bride; walls which became to her more really the barricades of a prison than the battlements of a palace; and from the restraints of which, at last, her troubled spirit was dispatched out of this world.

---

[19] See plate opposite.

ANCIENT BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS.—ENTERING RIMINI FROM RAVENNA.

"To see me then she begged? Ravenna quick
I left." . . .

Beyond this, apart from a few obscure old houses or blocks and a few by-streets in *Rimini*, with names of the *Malatesta* family still attached, it is difficult or impossible to point out other objects of importance which must surely have met the eyes of FRANCESCA there, unchanged from what we see them to-day—so great were the overturnings by the later *Malatesti*—save the Arch of Augustus,[20] at the south end of the *Corso*, under which Paolo on his return from the wars may very likely have entered the old wall of the town; and the fine views from its top of the same Appenines on the one hand, and the same Adriatic on the other. There is the Church of *San Francisco*, the Cathedral of *Rimini*, generally called the *Tempio dei Malatesti*, the family Mausoleum,[21] where have been gathered the ashes of all the *Malatesti*, even at last those of *Francesca* and *Paolo*.[22] The structure, contemporary with *Francesca*, was greatly transformed

[20] See plate opposite page 42.
[21] See plate opposite page 72.
[22] See introduction, page xxxviii.

in the XVth century by *Pandolfo*, greatest of the family; so much so that scarcely a square foot, within or without, of the ancient surface, remained uncovered by statues, pilasters, capitals, entablatures, medallions, wreaths, monograms, and an endless variety of architectural and ornamental work.

This work was done by that superlative artist, Leo Battista Alberti, and is 'infinitely charming,' 'delicate, sweet, and captivating'; and though this was not there for the eyes of Francesca in her day, still the structure and its sombre outline are unchanged, and the same beautiful and interesting Roman-arched windows have remained as Francesca saw them when she rode through the street called by the same name; and also the rectangular, prison-like doorway has not been altered from what it was when Francesca entered and issued through its plain portals, as she went to kneel at its altars and tombs.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

NOTE.

In the following pages I have scrupulously given the exact meaning and sentiment of the author, as I understand him, without any addition whatever of my own, or any subtraction whatever from his; and I hope in a form which will in some good degree represent the limpid style of the author, and be not repugnant to the ear of the English reader.

If I have not utterly failed in this latter endeavor, I can have no fear that the result of a perusal will not be, on every thoughtful and sensitive soul, a tearful delight.

J. F. B.

HARTFORD, March, 1897.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

A TRAGEDY

. . . . . One day
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. . . . . .

PERSONS REPRESENTED

LANCIOTTO, ... *Lord of Rimini*

PAOLO, ... *His Brother*

GUIDO, ... *Lord of Ravenna*

FRANCESCA, . . *His Daughter and Wife of Lanciotto*

A PAGE

GUARDSMEN

SCENE — THE ROYAL PALACE IN RIMINI

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

LANCIOTTO *issues from his apartments to meet* GUIDO *arriving. They embrace affectionately.*

GUIDO.

To see me then she begged? Ravenna quick
I left; less dear the throne of all the world
Were, than my daughter, far, far less.

LANCIOTTO.

Oh, Guido!
How vastly changed you see my palace here
From what 't was on the blessed day that saw
Me bridegroom! Now the streets no more
Are merry with the song and dance; no more
Thine ear o'erhears one speak of me and say:
No King in all the world so fortunate
As Lanciotto is. The princes all

Of Italy felt envy of me then.
I more deserve their pity now. Francesca
Did sweetly then disturb our hearts with beauty
And that translucent veil of melancholy
Which made more heavenly still her countenance.
Each one imputed this to abandoning
Her father's palaces, and to the shame
Of holiest maidenhood; which holds the soul
Averse to hymeneal rites and even
To the throne and all its boisterous applauses.
Time seemed at last to be diminishing
That pain. Less downcast now Francesca turned
Her eyes upon her spouse, no longer sought
Always to be alone. A pious care
Was born in her whene'er she heard
The plaints of the unhappy, and full oft
To me she brought them; and to me would say:
For that thou'rt just and reign'st with clemency
I love thee for't.

GUIDO.

To tears thou dost constrain me. —
A child, she was all laughter, all delight,
Among the flowers along the happiest path

Of life she seemed to fly, happy as fair;
In one who saw her joy-betokening look,
The lively spirit of her youthful years
O'er-gloried everything. Who could presage it?
Lo, at a stroke the ray of so great joy
Extinct, at first assault of pain extinct!
The war, alas, ravished her of a brother,
Tenderly loved! — Uncanny memory! —
For her dear brother faring at the war
She wearied heaven with her continuous prayer.

LANCIOTTO.

For him destroyed she lives beyond relief
Distressed, his slayer dread with horror hates.
That soul of hers so sweetly pitiful
Even to the death abhors! In vain I say:
Our sires were waging on each other war;
If brother Paolo a brother slew
For thee; it was in war; most bitterly
He'll grieve that him he slew. His sentiments
Are noble, chivalric, a gentleman's.
At but the name of Paolo she starts.
Because I feel a tender love, I mourn
For this my absent brother. His return

To father-land I learned; my heart with joy
Leapt up at this; and, to my spouse reporting,
Begged her to welcome him with kindly cheer.
At that announcement, *He returns!* she screamed
And trembling, half-alive, she fell convulsed.
And must I say it to you?—I believed
Her life was quenched, and maddened then I swore
I would avenge her death upon . . . . my brother.

GUIDO.

Alas, unhappy man!—and could you that?

LANCIOTTO.

May heaven disperse upon the winds that oath,
That impious oath! She heard it with a shock;
And stretching out to me her hands, exclaimed:
Nay, swear to love him, swear it; he alone,
When I shall be no more, will still for thee
A loyal friend remain. . . . . She did enjoin
That I should love him . . . . love him whom she hates—
Unhuman lady!—To Ravenna begs to go
Into her natal palace, not to bear
His looks who slew the partner of her blood.

CHURCH OF SANTO APOLLINARE NUOVO.—RAVENNA.

"Greatly devote she is to heavenly rites;
New shrines I built . . . ."

GUIDO.

Scarce was thy summons come, when instantly,
The fearful thought came, she is sick. Thou kenn'st
How tenderly I love her. Trembling I live
Lest I may live too long . . . . thou hast my meaning.

LANCIOTTO.

Oh, say it not! . . . . I, too, when I behold
Her in her sleep, and when, her eyelids closed
And her white face no signal give of life,
With shuddering care I lay my anxious lip
Upon her lip to feel if yet she breathe,
Even as thou tremblest, tremble too. . . . . With feasts
And sports I did essay her entertainment;
She found it dull; with gems to make her rich
And gold and power; thankful she was, not merry.
Greatly devote she is to heavenly rites;
New shrines I built where prayerful vows for her
A hundred and a hundred virgins raise
Perpetual, their friend and their protectress.
She notes it that I use my every zeal
To please her; and she tells me so, and weeps.

Sometimes a criminal thought comes over me . . .
Should I some rival have? Oh, heaven! But if
Her heart, most candid and most pure, shines forth
From her whole person! . . . . There she comes.

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCESCA.

GUIDO.

My child,
Into my arms. 'T is me . . .

FRANCESCA.

My father, oh,
Thy hand that I may cover it with kisses!

GUIDO.

Into my bosom come, my bosom, child,
Here . . . . here thy heart-throbs mingle with my own . . . .
Come, Prince. Ye both my children are, my own;
Both here . . . . heaven bless ye both! So, so I pressed
Ye both that day each named the other spouse.

FRANCESCA.

That day! . . . . O Father, thou wast happy then.

LANCIOTTO.

What means that word? . . . . Thy father happy made
And thou made wretched?

FRANCESCA.

I a presage had
That I should poorly recompense my spouse
With tears perennial, and I told thee so,
My Father; called to the nuptials I was not.
Thy wish I asked; thou saidst my marriage
Alone would make thee happy. . . . . I obeyed.

GUIDO.

Ungrateful girl, couldst ask a father's wish
For whom the sole remaining living stem
Thou wert?[1] Denial make a gray-haired sire
To have one day upon his knees a child
Of his own child?

---

[1] *For whom the sole remaining living stem*
Thou wert.] This is inconsistent with the *now* generally received opinion that Guido Novello da Polenta, the last patron of Dante and the then reigning Prince of Ravenna, was *nephew* to Francesca. See Troya, *Veltro, etc.* Pellico seems to have held to the older and more difficult belief that the *father* of Francesca was Dante's friend. — TR.

FRANCESCA.

Not for myself I grieve.
The LORD has laid a weight incredible
Of anguish on my heart and I'm resigned
To bear it. All my years I would have made
To drind unceasing tears, in lonely cell
As soon as in the world. But ah, might I
Have done so, grieving none! . . . . free from my breast
Should groans to God have poured that, piteously
Beholding His unhappy creature, He
Would take her from this vale of pain! . . . . Nor can
I long to die; by living I afflict thee,
But dying, O my noble husband, should,
I know, afflict thee more.

LANCIOTTO.

O dutiful
And cruel lady both in one! Afflict me,
Shower all my hours with poison still, but live.

FRANCESCA.

I know thou dost o'er-love me, every hour

I fear thou must revert thy love to hate . . . .
Must punish me . . . . for guilt I have not . . . .
guilt
Involuntary at the least. . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

What guilt?

FRANCESCA.

I . . . . feebly do express my love to thee . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

And feel it? What I never wished to tell thee,
Escapes now from my heart forth! Thou didst wish
And couldst not love me, oh my God! . . . .

FRANCESCA.

What next?

LANCIOTTO.

Guilty I hold thee not . . . . the affections oft
Involuntary are. . . . .

FRANCESCA.

What then?

LANCIOTTO.

Excuse,
Again I tell thee, lady, not in guilt
I hold thee; but thy anguish . . . . might it be
A strong soul's conflict with accursèd . . . . love?

FRANCESCA

(*throwing herself into the arms of* GUIDO.)

O Father, save my fair fame. Tell him, tell him,
And hold an oath of it, that blameless I
At thy side passed my days, nor ever thought,
At thy side still, that e'en a ghost of dark
Suspicion ever would arise for him.

LANCIOTTO.

Excuse; but love a fabricator of
Suspicion is,—I musing with myself
Would often, crooning, say: *If while a girl*
She was inflamed with love immaculate
And now preserved the silent memory
Of such my rival, but with certainty
Prefers to him her duty, then what right
Should I possess that unrestorèd wound
To irritate by prying out her secret?
If then she has a secret may it freeze

Forever in her blameless heart! But must she
Tell it abroad? Later my doubt increased,
When I one day, weaving thy brother's praises,
Assayed to comfort thee. Invaded then
By passion uncontrolled, thou didst exclaim:
Oh where, thou hidden friend of my poor heart,
Where art thou gone? Why never dost return,
That I once more may see thee ere I die?

FRANCESCA.

Did I say that?

LANCIOTTO.

Nor seemed these words as for
A brother meant.

FRANCESCA.

Is't fit to scrutinize,
Even into their delirium, the thoughts
Of the unfortunate? Unfortunate,
Indeed, nor is't enough; they must as well
Be infamous. Yes, each in truth against
Their anguished spirit doth conspire; each one . .
Babbling forth pity for them . . . . hates them still;
Not pity, no, the tomb they ask for. . . . . When

Thou canst no more endure me, ope the tomb
For me, yes; glad will I descend there; glad,
Provided I . . . . from every man may flee.

GUIDO.

Thus sport'st thou? Daughter. . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

What tremendous glances
Thou dart'st on me! What have I done to thee?

FRANCESCA.

Of my misfortunes art thou not the cause? . . . .
And why, then, dost thou wrest from me the soil
Which closes over now my mother's bones?
There time would then have calmed my pain; but here
All does awake it and renews it ever. . . . .
I make no step but I do so remember. . . . .
Oh, insane me! I am not in my wits.
Never believe, no, ...

LANCIOTTO.

To Ravenna thou,
Francesca, with thy father shall't depart.

GUIDO.

Hold, Highness, hold.

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN PORTO FUORI.—RAVENNA.

"Which closes over now my Mother's bones."

LANCIOTTO.

My rights I do renounce.
Into thy fatherland I will not come
To give thee pain; him who with horror fills
Thy soul, thy husband is, loves thee so much,
Thou'llt see again no more; unless, perhaps,
One day repentant and with pity moved
Towards thy wretched husband thou return.
And me, perhaps, by suffering changed, also,
Thou wilt not recognize! But I full well
Within my heart thy presence there
Shall feel; and to thy bosom then shall fly
And pardon thee.

FRANCESCA.

Oh, Lanciotto . . . . thou,
Art thou in tears?

GUIDO.

Ah, Daughter!

FRANCESCA.

Father mine!
Hast ever seen a daughter more condemned,
A more ungrateful wife? True, words unfair
Escape me in my pain, but 't is my lip
Alone pronounces them.

GUIDO.

Thy father's days,
Ah, do not shorten, nor thy husband's worth
Make vain, for which Heaven did concede to him
A consort worthy and adored! The earth
Will lighter lie upon my sepulchre
If thou one day art able to declare
Thou'st made thy husband glad with progeny
And with thy love.

FRANCESCA.

Would I my father's life
So shorten? No, daughter and wife I'd be;
Heaven grant me forces for't. Pray ye with me.

GUIDO.

GRANT TO MY DAUGHTER PEACE!

LANCIOTTO.

YEA, TO MY WIFE!

SCENE III.

Enter a Page.

PAGE.

A gentleman an audience asks.

FRANCESCA.

You need
Repose, my father; to your chambers come.
[*Exit with* GUIDO.

SCENE IV.

LANCIOTTO *and Page.*

LANCIOTTO.

His name?

PAGE.

He tells it not, conceals his name;
I can conjecture it. The corridors
He entered, greatly agitated, eyed
The arms of thy ancestors on the walls;
He knew thy father's truncheon and the shield.

LANCIOTTO.

O Paolo! It is my brother.

PAGE.

See,
He comes to thee.

SCENE V.

PAOLO *and* LANCIOTTO *run to meet each other and remain a long time embraced.*

LANCIOTTO.

Oh, Brother, 'tis, 'tis thou!

PAOLO.

My Brother! Lanciotto! I o'erflow
With sweetest tears!

LANCIOTTO.

The friend, the only friend
Of my unfledgèd years! From thee divided
How long, how long I've been!

PAOLO.

'T was here that I
For the last time embraced thee . . . . with thee, too,
Another man embraced . . . . he was in tears . . .
I was to see him never more!

LANCIOTTO.

'T was Father!

PAOLO.

His dying eyes thou closed'st. Said he nothing
Of his own Paolo?

LANCIOTTO.

He died repeating
The name of his far-absent son.

PAOLO.

Would he
Have blessed me?— He from heaven regards us now,
Sees us united and rejoices at it.
From this hour on united we shall be
Forever. I am tired of every shape
Of glory's empty shadow. I have spilt
My blood to save Byzantium's throne and warred
'Gainst cities which I did not hate and had
The fame of *Great*, and with the clement Prince
A pinnacle of honor was; disgust
Within me wrought those universal plaudits.
For whom was stained my brand with slaughter? For
The stranger. And no father-land have I
To which the blood of her own citizens
Is sacred? O my Italy, for thee,
Who valiant citizens dost rear, for thee

I will combat, when envy shall arouse
Outrage 'gainst thee. And art thou not of all
The lands the sun doth warm the gentlest still?
Of every fine art, O my Italy,
The mother art thou not, my Italy?
What is thy dust but heroes pulverized?
The valor of my grandsires what but thou
Did rouse? In thy fair bosom lies my home,
My all, my all.

LANCIOTTO.

To see thee, hear thee, and
Not love thee, that were not in human power.—
Thank heaven, she cannot, no, she cannot hate thee.

PAOLO.

She? who?

LANCIOTTO.

Thou dost not know; my fortune lacks
Herein a tender pledge.

PAOLO.

Art thou in love?

LANCIOTTO.

Am I in love! In love indeed, and with

TOMB OF THEODORIC, A.D. 500.—RAVENNA.

"What is thy dust but heroes pulverized?"

The most angelic woman and the most
Unfortunate.

PAOLO.

In love as well am I;
Let us confide our mutual pains in turn.

LANCIOTTO.

Our father, ere he died, a marriage
On me imposed, that so a lasting peace
Might come for us. His order I obeyed.

PAOLO.

Thy lady then is thy own wife? And thou
Not happy? Who is she? She loves thee not?

LANCIOTTO.

I cannot, an unjust accuser, say
She does not love me. Would she loved thee so!
But thou didst kill her brother in the war,
Her horror art, and she refuses even
To see thee.

PAOLO.

Say, who is she? Who?

LANCIOTTO.

Thyself
Hast seen her when to the court of Guido. . . .

PAOLO (*repressing his dreadful agitation*).

She . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

Yes, Guido's daughter.

PAOLO.

And loves thee and is
Thy wife?—'Tis true; a brother . . . . I have killed
For her. . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

And grief of it incessantly
She cherishes. Since that she heard thou wast
Returning into father-land, this roof
Abhors now, inconsolable.

PAOLO (*restraining himself*).

To see,
Even to see me she refuses? I
Believed me happy at my brother's side.—

I will away again . . . . forever now
I'll live afar from my paternal roof.

LANCIOTTO.

Alike propitious this paternal roof
Shall be for both. Thou must not, must not leave.

PAOLO.

Live on in peace; rightly a husband counts
All second to his wife. 'T is her he loves— . . . .
There, take this brand, thy own give me! keep it
For a perpetual remembrancer
Of thy own Paolo.

[*He executes with a sweet violence this exchange.*

LANCIOTTO.

O Brother . . . .

PAOLO.

If
Ever one day we meet again, and if
I shall be living then, cooler our hearts
Will throb . . . . and time, the great extinguisher,
Will have extinguished . . . . in Francesca, then,
Her hatred . . . . and she'll call me Brother, then.

LANCIOTTO.

Thou weepest!

PAOLO.

I, as well, have been in love!
A girl unmatched in all the world was she
In my regard . . . nor did she hate me, no,
She did not hate me, then.

LANCIOTTO.

And didst thou lose her?

PAOLO.

Heaven snatched her from me!

LANCIOTTO.

From a brother's love
Be comforted. At sight of thee and at
Thy high-born ways thou would'st appease, I'm sure
Of it, Francesca's heart . . . . Now come. . . . .

PAOLO.

Come where?
Into her presence . . . . may I never come!

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

GUIDO *and* FRANCESCA.

FRANCESCA.

The air is freer here. . . . .

GUIDO.

Art straying whither
In such a maze of doubt?

FRANCESCA.

Seemed 't not to thee
Thou heard'st the voice . . . . of . . . . Paolo?

GUIDO.

Take not
To heart a fear of seeing him. He'll not
Into thy presence come 'gainst thy desire.

FRANCESCA.

And has somebody told him I . . . . abhor him?
And does he grieve at it?

GUIDO.

Exceedingly
He grieves at it. Was minded to depart;
'T is Lanciotto holds him back from it.

FRANCESCA.

Was minded to depart?

GUIDO.

Thy soul is now
More peaceful. Lanciotto hopes thou'llt bear
The presence of his brother.

FRANCESCA.

Father, O
My own, own Father, thou perceivest well
Yes, surely, thou perceivest . . . . this arrival. . . .
What powerful palpitations it awakes
In my sad bosom. Rimini appeared
A desert to me; and funereal dumb
This house appeared to me; now . . . . Father, oh,
Forsake me never, never more. Alas,

With thee alone I dare rejoice, or weep;
Thou art not uncompassionate. . . . Thou would'st
Pity me, if . . . .

GUIDO.

If what?

FRANCESCA.

If thou should'st know. —
How bitter, oh how bitter, 't is to live
In solitude! Thou, thou my pitiful
Consoler art. . . . . Excepting thee, my Father,
I have not had a being in whose sight
I did not stand in trembling, in whose sight
Must not repress each motion of my heart.
I cannot hide my heart; full easily
It weeps and it is gay, and yet, and yet,
'T is not permitted once my gaiety
To show, nor tears. A traitor to myself
I may become; and woe, woe to me if
A word in others' presence should escape me! . . .
Thou . . . . more benignly would'st regard the ills
Of thy own daughter. . . . . And if she should be
In peril . . . . with benignant hand thou would'st
Withdraw her from it.

GUIDO.

Right. Keep not thy heart
Concealed. Thy secret thoughts secrets no longer
Remain, when with thy tender father thou
Art standing.

FRANCESCA.

All . . . . to thee I'd eagerly
Reveal. . . . . What am I babbling? Where to hide?
Open thyself, O earth, conceal my shame!

GUIDO.

Nay, heaven inspires thee. Trust me; speak.
Dissimulation is thy punishment.

FRANCESCA.

Dissimulation is my duty now;
My duty is to hold my tongue; the asking
For comfort now is guilt, guilt the narrating
So cursed a crime unto a father who
Has to his daughter giv'n the best of husbands
And has not made her happy!

GUIDO.

Wretch that I am!
Thine executioner am I then?

FRANCESCA.

No,
Good Father! no, thou art not that. . . . I feel
My feeble virtue wavering. — I tremble
And force myself, for 't is necessity!
Oh save, sustain me! I, up to this hour,
Have, battling, conquered; but these latest days,
Yes, latest of my life, are shaking me. . . .
Help, Father, help me close them holily.
True, Lanciotto has his strong suspicions,
Yet guilty I am not! A faithful wife
To him I am, a faithful wife, my Father,
I beg to be! . . . . drops on thy brow I see. . . .
Thou turn'st thy face from me . . . . thou shudderest.

GUIDO.

'T is nothing, daughter, tell me . . . .

FRANCESCA.

Courage fails thee.
Oh, God in heaven!

GUIDO.

'T is nothing, daughter. — Only
A brief disorder here . . . . here in the mind . . —
Ah, sweet to an old father 't is to lean
His feeble limbs on children not ungrateful.

FRANCESCA.

'T is true! and just is thy reproof; ungrateful
Daughter I am, ungrateful; punish me.

GUIDO.

What impious wretch with sacrilegious flame
Has fired thy heart?

FRANCESCA.

He's not an impious wretch,
Knows not I love him; nor does he love me.

GUIDO.

Where is he, then? Where is he? Is't to see him
Again, thou to Ravenna wouldst return?

FRANCESCA.

Father, my Father, 't is to flee from him.

GUIDO.

Where is that *him*. Answer me that. Where is he?

FRANCESCA.

Compassionate regard thou promised'st me;
Oh, do not rouse thy ire. In Rimini
He is.

GUIDO.

Look, who comes here!

SCENE II.

Enter LANCIOTTO.

LANCIOTTO.

Ye are disturbed? . . . .
Thou wast in calm but now.

GUIDO.

To-morrow, then,
Francesca, we'll depart.

LANCIOTTO.

What dost thou say?

GUIDO.

Francesca wills it.

FRANCESCA.

Father!

GUIDO.

Would'st thou dare?
[*Exit looking at her threateningly.*

SCENE III.

LANCIOTTO *and* FRANCESCA.

FRANCESCA.

More cruel than they all, my father is!

LANCIOTTO.

Thou didst no longer wish to abandon me;
I did believe thee troubled at my pain.
To flee from Paolo, thou need'st not go;
He minds to go.

FRANCESCA.

To go?

LANCIOTTO.

Gloomy would seem
To him the life in his own household, where
He were abhorred.

FRANCESCA.

Is he so much annoyed?

LANCIOTTO.

In vain have I desired to turn him from it;
He swore he would again depart.

FRANCESCA.

He loves
Thee much. . . . .

LANCIOTTO.

A gentle, generous heart he has.
Weak love (he is my double there) is not
His way . . . . like me he lives to day, to love
A living sacrifice!

FRANCESCA.

To love a living
Sacrifice!

LANCIOTTO.

Thy heart-strings would not stand
The strain, if thou should'st hear him. . . . .

FRANCESCA.

Wherefore, then,
Comes he into these regions? Does he think
I have some other brother to be torn
From me? . . . . For my sole damage, that is sure,
He has come here.

LANCIOTTO.

Unreasonable lady!
He begs before departing that for one
Brief moment, she will hear him, that for one
Brief moment, thou wilt see him.—Oh, consider
He is thy kinsman; he is starting on
New and long journeys; never more, perhaps,
Shall we see him again! Religion speaks
To thee. If I should have an enemy
Who at the eve of crossing seas should come
To give me first his hand, that hand I'd press
With tenderness. Yes, to forgive is sweet.

FRANCESCA.

Pray, cease! . . . . Oh, my disgrace!

LANCIOTTO.

Who, who can tell,
I should say to myself, whether or no,
That vasty sea, as long as we shall live,
Will always lie between that mortal man
And me? But, verily, death passed, in heaven . . .
Yes, there we all shall one another see . . . .

We cannot be divided there. Oh lady,
Thou wilt not there be able to abhor
Thy brother.

FRANCESCA.

Husband, yes, indeed, thou knowest . . . .
Oh, pardon me!

LANCIOTTO.

Thou comest! Brother!

FRANCESCA

Oh,
My God!

[*She throws herself into the arms of* LANCIOTTO

SCENE IV.

Enter PAOLO.

PAOLO.

Francesca? . . . . surely, she herself!

LANCIOTTO.

Come forward Paolo.

PAOLO.

What shall I say?—
Is 't thou, thyself?—But if to see me she
Refuse, will she consent to hear? To go
Is better; then, her hate incarnate I
Less visibly shall be.—Say, Brother, I
Forgive her hatred, nor yet do deserve it.
A dear relation I have slain for her;
And did not will it. Crazed because his troops
Were losers, he did then precipitate
Himself upon my brand. I with my life
Gladly would his have saved.

FRANCESCA

(*in the embrace of her husband not venturing to look up.*)

Say, husband, say
Has Paolo departed? Is he gone?
I hear somebody weeping; who is he?

PAOLO.

Francesca, I am weeping, I of mortals
The most unlucky am! Even the peace
Of my own home to me is not conceded.
Were not my heart-strings torn enough? Was't not

Enough, the losing . . . my adorèd lady?
But I my brother and my fatherland
Must lose!

FRANCESCA.

I'll never be the cause that brother
Must from a brother flee. I wish to go;
Remain thou, Lanciotto needs a friend.

PAOLO.

Ah, dost thou love him? Rightly then thou dost.
I love him too . . . . Warring in lands remote,
And when I saved the vanquished maids and wives
From the hot fury of my conquering bands,
And all from every quarter raised my fame,
As bravest warrior of the brave, yet good,
A sweet remembrance of my brother loved,
Ran through my soul; and then I thought one day
He would again see me with gentle pride . . . .
And Italy and all her witching dames
Would utter forth in lovely tones the name
Of the unsinning cavalier.— Alas,
For me unlucky were those triumphs! Yes,
For me unlucky was my valor!

FRANCESCA.

Didst thou,
Didst thou in lands remote, use pity oft,
Ladies and maidens save from conquerors' wrong?
Then her, perhaps, thou sawest there who reigns
Now in thy soul.— What am I prating of?
Oh am I mad?— Be gone.— I hate thee, yes!

PAOLO (*resolutely.*)

O Lanciotto, now farewell, farewell.—
Francesca!

FRANCESCA.

[*She hears him going and throws on him an involuntary glance.*]

PAOLO.

[*He wishes to speak, is in a dreadful convulsion and, fearing he shall betray himself, flees.*]

LANCIOTTO.

Paolo . . . . alas, pray, stop!

SCENE V.

LANCIOTTO *and* FRANCESCA.

FRANCESCA.

O Paolo. . . . . ah me!

LANCIOTTO.

Pity for him,
Barbarian woman, dost thou feel, or feign?
For what dissolvedst thou thyself in tears,
If 't is thy wish to make us all unhappy?
Speak on; for thy strange thoughts a reason I
Demand; at last I'm tired of suffering them.

FRANCESCA.

I, too, *at last am tired* of thy unjust
Reproaches; and repose shall have no more
Till when I shall no longer see . . . . the world.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

PAOLO.

To look on her . . . . for the last time. My love
Renders me deaf to duty's voice. To go,
To see her nevermore were sacred duty . . . .
I cannot that. Oh, how she looked at me!
Grief makes her still more beautiful; ah, yes,
More beautiful, more superhuman fair
She seems to me; and have I lost her too?
Has Lanciotto snatched her from my arms?
Oh, maddening thought! Oh! Oh! Do I not love
My brother? Happy he is now, and long
May he be so. But what? To build his own
Sweet lot must he a brother's heart-strings break?

ANCIENT ARCH OF AUGUSTUS.—RIMINI.

Looking from the South into the Corso.

"This place I must forsake; it is too full
Of him . . ."

SCENE II.

FRANCESCA (*advancing without seeing* PAOLO).

Where is my father? At the least from him
I might have known if he still lodges here. . . . .
My . . . . brother-in-law! — These walls[2] I ever shall
Hold dear . . . . Ah, yes, his spirit will exhale
Upon this sacred soil which he has wet
With tears! . . . . Oh, impious woman, chase away
Such criminal thoughts; I am a wife! . . . .

PAOLO.

— She talks
In a soliloquy and groans.

FRANCESCA.

Alas,
This place I must forsake; it is too full
Of him! To my own private altar I
Must go apart and day and night, prostrate
Before my God, beg mercy for my sins;

[2] *These walls.*] This palace of the Malatesta family is still extant at Rimini in a very dilapidated condition, and is used at present as a prison. The family arms, (rose and elephant,) are still to be seen over the entrance.—TR.

That He, the Lord and only refuge of
Afflicted hearts, will not abandon me,
Entire. [*She starts to go.*

PAOLO.

Francesca . . . .

FRANCESCA.

Oh ! what do I see ! —
Sir . . . . what wilt thou ?

PAOLO.

To speak with thee again.

FRANCESCA.

To speak with me — alas, I am alone ! . . . .
O Father, Father, where art thou? Dost thou
Leave me alone? Thy own, thy daughter save !—
I shall have strength to flee.

PAOLO.

Whither ?

FRANCESCA.

O, Sir . . . .
Alas, pursue me not ! my wish respect ;

To my house-altar here I am retiring;
Th' unfortunate have need of heaven.

PAOLO.

At my
Paternal altars I will come to kneel
With thee. Who more unfortunate than me?
There shall our mingled thoughts ascend. Oh lady!
Thou shalt invoke my death, the death of him
Thou dost abhor . . . I too will pray that heaven
Thy vows will hear, forgive thy hatred and
Pour joy into thy soul, and long preserve
The youth and beauty on thy looks, and give thee
All thy desire . . . all, all! . . . thy consort's love and
Beautiful children of him!

FRANCESCA.

Paolo,
Alas! — What do I say? — Alas, weep not.
Thy death I do not ask.

PAOLO.

Only thou dost
Abhor me . . .

FRANCESCA.

And what carest thou for it, if
I must abhor thee? . . . I mar not thy life.
To-morrow I no longer shall be here.
Thou for thy brother pitying company
Wilt make. Console him for the loss of me;
Surely he'll weep. . . . In Rimini, alas,
He'll weep alone, when it is known to him! . . .
Listen, but speak not to him of it now.
But know, thyself, . . . that I to Rimini
Shall nevermore return; this heart-break grief
Will murder me. When to my husband this
Shall come, do thou console him; and do thou . . .
For him . . . do thou, also, let drop a tear.

PAOLO.

Francesca, *if thou dost abhor me what*
Is that to me? and this thou askest, thou?
And *does thy hate disturb my life?* and these
Funeral words are thine? . . .—Thou, beautiful
As a bright angel whom the Deity,
In the most ardent transport of His love,
Created . . . dear to every one . . . and thou

A happy consort . . . darest to talk of death?
Me it befalls that for vain honor's sake
I have been dragged from fatherland afar,
And lost . . . . . .—Unhappy wretch! I lost
a father.
Hope always clung to re-embrace him. He
Would not have made me an unfortunate,
If I had opened up my heart to him . . .
And would have given me her . . . her whom I've lost
For aye.

FRANCESCA.

What dost thou mean? Talk of thy lady . . .
And dost thou live so wretched robbed of her?
Is love so prepotential in thy breast?
Love should not be the only flame that burns
In the bosom of a valorous cavalier.
Dear to him is his brand and dear the trump
Of fame; noble affections these; pursue them.
Let not love make thee vile.

PAOLO.

What words are these?
Would'st thou have pity? Would'st thou still be able
Somewhat to cease thy hatred, if I should

With my good sword acquire some greater fame?
One word of thy command, 'tis done. Prescribe
The place, the years. To shores the most remote
I'll make my way; the graver I shall find
The enterprises and the fuller fraught
With danger, so the sweeter they will be
To me, because Francesca laid them on me.
Honor and hardihood before have made
My sinews strong, but thy adorèd name
Will make them stronger. And, with thee intent,
Of tyrants now my glories will not be
Contaminate. Another crown than bay,
But woven still by thee, will I desire.
One single plaudit thine, one word, one smile,
One look . . .

FRANCESCA.

Eternal God! What sort of man
Is this?

PAOLO.

Francesca I love thee, I love thee
And desperate is my love.

FRANCESCA.

What do I hear!
Am I in a delirium? What did'st
Thou say?

PAOLO.

I love thee!

FRANCESCA.

Why so bold? hush, hush!
They might o'erhear . . . Thou lov'st me! Is thy flame
So sudden? Dost not know I am thy own
Sister-in-law? So quickly can'st thou cast
Into oblivion thy lady lost? . . .
Oh, wretched me! let go this hand of mine!
Thy kisses, oh, are crimes!

PAOLO.

No, no, my flame
Is not a sudden flash. A lady I
Have lost, and thou art she; of thee I spoke;
For thee I wept; thee did I love; do love thee;
Shall love thee always till my latest hour!
And even if I must in the world below,
Th' eternal penance bear of wicked love,
Eternally I'll love thee more and more.

FRANCESCA.

Shall it be true? Was't me that thou didst love?

PAOLO.

The day that at Ravenna I arrived,
My father's Envoy, then I saw thee cross
A court with a funereal cortege of
Sad ladies, and arrest thy step before
A new-built sepulchre and there devoutly
Prostrate thyself and raise thy claspèd hands
To heaven with silent but heart-broken tears.
And *Who is she?* I said to some one there.—
The daughter, he replied, *of Guido.—And*
That sepulchre?—Her mother's sepulchre.—
What worlds of pity in my heart I felt
For that afflicted daughter! How confused
I felt my heart beat! O Francesca, thou
Wast veiled; thine eyes I did not see that day,
But from that day I loved thee.

FRANCESCA.

Thou . . . alas,
Leave off . . . thou loved'st me?

PAOLO.

Then some time this flame
I did conceal, but still one day it seemed
That thou had'st read my heart. Thy steps thou wast
Directing from thy maiden chambers toward
Thy secret garden. I beside the lake,
Stretched out at length among the flowers,
Thy chambers watched, and at thy coming rose
Trembling.— Upon a book thy wandering eyes
Seemed to me not intent; upon the book
There fell a tear. . . . Flushed with emotion thou
Did'st draw thee near to me. Perplexèd were
My words. Perplexed as well were thine. That book
Thou did'st extend to me, and then we read.
Together read: "*Of Lanciotto how*
Love bound him, and alone we were without
Any suspicion near us."[3] Then our looks
Encountered one another and my face
Whitenèd . . . thou didst tremble . . . and with haste
Did'st vanish.

---

[3] *Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse;*
Soli eravamo e senz' alcun sospetto.
DANTE'S words, Inf., c. 5, l. 128.

FRANCESCA.

What an escapade! With thee
The book remained.

PAOLO.

It lies upon my heart.
It used to make me happy in my far
Sojourn. Here 'tis. See here the page we read.
Look here and see; here fell the tears, that day,
From thy own eyes.

FRANCESCA.

Depart, I do conjure thee,
No other memory must I keep than of
My murdered brother.

PAOLO.

Yet it was not I
Who shed that blood. Paternal wars, alas,
A horrid heritage. My courage failed me
At the shedding of that blood. I did not ask
Thy hand; but off to military life

I flew, in Asia. And I hoped, and soon,
Returning thence to find thee softened and
To obtain thee. Yes, to obtain thee, I confess,
That hope I nourished.

FRANCESCA.

Oh! depart, I pray.
Away; my grief and virtue do regard.—
Who, who will give me strength to oppose thee?

PAOLO.

Why
Hold'st thou my hand close pressed? The sweet delight!
Oh, tell me, why hold'st thou my hand close pressed?

FRANCESCA.

O Paolo!

PAOLO.

Thou dost not hate me? Dost
Not hate me, thou?

FRANCESCA.

'T were proper that I hate thee.

PAOLO.

And can'st thou?

FRANCESCA.

No, I cannot.

PAOLO.

Oh that word!
Repeat it? Lady, thou dost not hate me,
Dost not?

FRANCESCA.

Too much to thee, too much I've said.
Oh, cruel man! Was't not enough? Go, go,
And let me be.

PAOLO.

Have done. I will not, no,
I will not *let thee be*, till thou speak out
And say it all.

FRANCESCA.

I did not say . . . I love thee.—
Ah, from my lip did blurt the wicked word! . . .
I do love thee, of love for thee am dying . . . .
And beg to die unguilty; oh, have pity!

PAOLO.

Dost love me? thou? My dreadful grief thou see'st.
I am a desperate man. But yet, but yet,
The joy that flows amidst this desperate rage
Within my soul is such and is a joy
So great I cannot tell it. Was it true
That thou did'st love me? . . . and I did lose thee!

FRANCESCA.

Thou did'st abandon me, O Paolo,
I could not think me loved by thee — Go, go!
Let this the last time be . . .

PAOLO.

That ever I
Should thee abandon is not possible.
To see each other every day at least . . .

FRANCESCA.

And to betray ourselves? and in my husband
Injurious suspicion wake? and blot
Upon my fame to bring? O Paolo,
If me thou lovest, flee from me.

PAOLO.

Oh, fate
Irreparable! I bring blot upon
Thy fame? No, no!—Thou art another's wife.
I, I must die. The memory of me
Erase and cancel from thy breast; in peace
Live thou. I did disturb thy peace, forgive.—
Alas, no, do not weep! oh, do not love me!—
Ah me! what am I saying? Love me, yes;
Weep my precocious fate . . .—I Lanciot hate. . . .
O Heaven give me, strength!—(*calling*) Ah,
Brother, come.

SCENE III.

Enter Lanciotto and Guido.

PAOLO.

The last embrace now give me.

LANCIOTTO.

And in vain . . .

PAOLO.

Oppose not to my wish a single word.
I brought here with me baleful auguries;
And woe if I . . .

LANCIOTTO.

What art thou parting of?
Disdain stands on thy brow!

PAOLO.

Ah, 'tis not ours . . .
The blame is destiny's.—Adieu, Francesca.

FRANCESCA

(*almost beside herself with a convulsive scream*).
Paolo . . . Stop!

LANCIOTTO.

With such a tone!

GUIDO (*supporting his daughter*).

Her breath
Has stopped!

PAOLO (*in the act of going*).

Francesca, ah . . .

FRANCESCA.

He goes . . . I die.
[*Faints in the arms of Guido.*

PAOLO.

Francesca . . . what a look! . . . Be comforted.

GUIDO.

Daughter . . .
[*Francesca is carried into her own apartments.*]

SCENE IV.

LANCIOTTO AND PAOLO.

LANCIOTTO.

Ah, Paolo . . . What am I then
To understand? A horrid vision 'tis
That flashes on my eyes, a horrid vision.

PAOLO.

Barbarian! rejoice; she's quenched . . . let me
Die too; flee thou from me. [*Goes*

SCENE V.

LANCIOTTO.

Shall it be true?
She loves him, she? And was dissembling! . . . No;
From hell this thought comes to me . . . all the same.—
To issue from the palace Paolo
Must be forbidden; forcibly forbidden.—
Oh, let the atrocious veil be rent away.

ACT IV.

Scene I.

LANCIOTTO AND PAGE.

LANCIOTTO.

What? Guido hurries his departure? I
Desire to see her, yes, to see Francesca.
That man, also, let him before me come . . .
That Paolo.

PAGE.

Thy brother?

LANCIOTTO.

Yes, my . . . brother.

Scene II.

LANCIOTTO.

My brother! yes, he is my brother; more
Detestable his crime.— She hated him!

A specious falsehood! And that hatred I
Believed. The reason of her tears was rather
Her distance from him. To return, perhaps,
To Rimini Francesca secretly
Invited him.—Rein thyself in my thought;
Ferocious impulse that dost counsel me
To put my hand; alas, upon this hilt . . .
I tremble!

SCENE III.

Enter Guido.

LANCIOTTO.

Is't thy daughter's purpose then
To flee from me? Hopes she to flee without
My knowing it? And thou to her desires . . .

GUIDO.

'Tis a necessity!

LANCIOTTO.

Ah, then thy daughter
Is guilty!

GUIDO.

No; tremendous fate condemns
Us all to tears interminable!

LANCIOTTO.

Dost
Thou not denominate her guilty, and
She burns with cursèd fire?

GUIDO.

But yet she feels
Strong grief for it and makes her earnest prayer
To escape that man.—Scarce she re-took her senses,
And full of shame and anger I withdrew
Her from thy sight; and near forgetting then
That I her father was, she prostrate at
A holy image's foot, I bared the steel
Above her head, alas, threatening her there
To slaughter and to curse, unless she should
Speak out the truth. Between her frightful sobs
Th' unhappy thing discoursed.

LANCIOTTO.

What did she say?

GUIDO.

Her weeping takes away my breath. . . . She is
My child. . . . She set the steel to her own neck
And fixed her tearful eyes on my dry orbs.—
Guilty art thou? (I cried to her), *reply,*
Guilty art thou? . . . No words could she pronounce
From anguish. . . . Of necessity my heart
Was touched. To escape the sight of her
I turned my face away, and felt my feet
Embraced, and, she prone on her face fall'n down,
I heard her dying voice exclaim: *My father,*
I'm innocent.—But swear it.—So I do. . . .
And I in silence wiped my brow.—Three times,
I'm innocent, replied she. . . . Casting away
The steel, I raised her; pressed her on my breast. . . .
Unlucky father am I and offended,
But father still.

LANCIOTTO.

Oh madness! She loves him,
And boasts of innocence? Far from my eyes
She hopes for livelier love with Paolo;
Ah, vainly flatters she herself of that!

Her to Ravenna he is gaged to follow. . . .
Traitor! . . . Still securely in my grip
Ye are.

GUIDO.

These hoary locks of mine respect.
I must save her... thou, thou no more must see her.
[*Goes.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Paolo.

LANCIOTTO.

Vile profligate . . . come on.

PAOLO.

I am not used
To listen to such biting measures; and
On others should know how to hurl them back.
But the authority in thee, paternal,
I honor by endurance.—Dost thou speak
To brother, or to subject?

LANCIOTTO.

. . . To a brother.—
Answer me, Paolo. If thy own bride
That woman were; if some one had from thee
Her heart's affections ravished, and that person
Were thy most sweetest friend... a man whom, while
He was betraying thee, as more than brother
Upon thy bosom thou wast binding . . . what,
What wouldst thou do with him?—Ponder thou that.

PAOLO.

I feel how much it costs thee to be gentle.

LANCIOTTO.

Dost feel it, Brother; thou? Dost feel how much
It costs? Hast named our father. He was gentle
Toward his sons even when he judged them guilty.

PAOLO.

Thou, thou alone wert worthy to succeed him.
And what e'er can be said to thee? Oh how
Thou dost my self-assurance dash! Sometimes
I think myself also magnanimous;
But in compare of thee I am not so.

LANCIOTTO.

Say; if she were thy bride?

PAOLO.

Francesca? Ah,
Even the shadow of a rival I
Would not endure.

LANCIOTTO.

And if brother of thine
Should dare to love her?

PAOLO.

He would be no longer
Brother to me. Woe to that man who dared
To love her! this I swear; woe to that man!
I would make mince-meat of him, whosoe'er
The traitor should be, with my rapier.

LANCIOTTO.

Me too, this fierce desire assails, and I
Restrain my hand that leaps toward my sword;
Believe it, scarce do I restrain it. And
Thou dar'st admit thy crime? Dar'st to seduce
Another's wife, the wife of thy own brother!

PAOLO.

Less cruel would'st thou be, if now thou should'st
My veins rip open with thy rapier.
A vile man I am not. Should I seduce
That purest angel of the sky? It were
Impossible. He who a lover of
Francesca is, a vile man is not; if
He had been so before, in loving her
He would be so no longer; every heart
Is made sublime that self-same moment when
This sublime lady is imprinted there.
I, even I, since I love her, aspire
Manly to be, religious and heroic;
And, since I love her, much the more, perhaps,
I'm so, than warrior, or princes wont
To be.

LANCIOTTO.

Shameless beyond all other men
Art thou. Dost dare to boast to me thy love?

PAOLO.

If that my love were wicked, I were able
To hold my tongue, but now my love is pure,

As it is measureless. I should be able
Sooner to die a thousand deaths than stain her,—
And yet . . . I see the strong necessity
Of going. . . . For thy lady's sake renounce
Thy brother . . . and to all eternity!

LANCIOTTO.

Thy love not wicked? Dost thou not make me
A wretch to all eternity? I shall
Forget that I have had a brother dear;
But can I wrest him from Francesca's heart?
And where wilt thou not bear her heart with thee?
I shall live hated at her side. She will not
Avow it, full of pity toward me, will not
Avow it to me, but full well I feel it;
She hates me now, and thou, the villain, thou,
Its cause thou art.

PAOLO.

I love her, I confess it . . .
But of Francesca, oh, High Heaven! of her
Have no suspicion.

LANCIOTTO.

Still thou would'st deceive me!
Thy thought I well discern. Thou fearest that
One day I shall my vengeance wreak on her,
Francesca, thy belovèd one. And now
Still more that fierce desire lays hold of me.
What? Have I not the right to sacrifice ye?
I am a reigning monarch and I am
A traitored husband and a prince outraged.
What narrative she will of me let Fame
Report; she'll also say her say of ye;
Perfidious thieves.

PAOLO.

Aye, Fame will say: What blame
Had he, if the young stripling, Paolo,
Sent to Ravenna, was kindled in passion
For the most lovely of terrestrial spirits?—
And thou, what rights on her hast thou? She had not
Once seen thee ever; for state reasons only
Thou wishedst to espouse her. To the sons
Of royalty has Nature never given
Affections human? Why, ere thou didst make
Her thine, didst thou not probe her heart?

LANCIOTTO.

What dost
Thou dare? Dost add insult to insult still?
I cannot bear it longer.

[*Lays his hand on his sword.*

SCENE V.

Enter Guido and Francesca.

FRANCESCA (*issuing first*).

Father! I see,
I see them draw their arms.

GUIDO (*trying first to restrain Francesca; then throwing himself between Paolo and Lanciotto*).

Put up! Ah, peace,
Exasperated souls fraternal!

PAOLO.

More
Than life thou takest from me; of my blood
I little reck, spill it.

FRANCESCA.

Mine, my blood spill;
I only have offended ye.

GUIDO.

Oh daughter!

LANCIOTTO.

Thy father's sacred aspect, wicked woman,
Defends thee from thy risk. Stay in his arms;
Woe if thee he forsakes. I shall forget
Thy royal cradle, and worse than a slave-girl
Shall deal with thee. Infamous is thy love;
More infamous than slave-girl is a wife
Untrue . . . this word doth make me wildly mad.
That I should love thee so, adore thee so,
And thou should'st spurn me? Know'st thou not I have
A haughty heart? haughty tremendously;
And outrages there are which I cannot
Forgive. Honor forbids it me.... Honor? what have
I said? This name is't known to thee?

GUIDO.

Hold, hold!—

LANCIOTTO.

Th' almighty voice of Honor, that I hear;
And when that speaks, another voice I hear
No more, and where that beckons launch the steel.

FRANCESCA.

Father! He slays me not, slay me thyself!

LANCIOTTO.

Do I talk wildly? . . . Are ye shuddering? . . .—
Oh, Guido, when I too shall have white hair
And shall be living in the past, and coldly
Regard my vices and my virtues gone,
Even then remembering a wife adored
Who did betray me, I shall feel within
My bosom all my ancient desperate wrath,
And flee with curses and with look set toward
The sepulchre, that it may hide my anguish.
But no such day will come. To-day, to-day
The wicked woman hurls me down towards
The sepulchre. Already is the thought
Of my near sepulchre enlivening her;
She will enjoy the trampling on't . . . With her
Perhaps another 'll come to trample 't too.

FRANCESCA.

Oh God in heaven! Give thou me strength to answer.—
Have I been deaf to Honor's voices? . . . If
I did love Paolo, my love was not
A vile flame. He, a prince of Italy,
A noble cavalier, was that alone
For me. Peoples and they of royal blood
Did praise him, and thy wife I was not, then. . . .
But ah, what am I prating of? yes, just,
Just is thy fury; I was never able
To cancel from my heart that earliest love!
And that, although I wished to cancel it, . . .
I should have died with that a fast-locked secret,
If Paolo had not returned; so much
I swear.

PAOLO.

Poor lady!

CESCA.

Him alone forgive;
Not as my lover, but as brother thine,
Forgive him.

LANCIOTTO.

Dost thou pray for Paolo?
Oh woman steeped in wickedness! Think ye
To issue both from out these walls? Together
Ye have agreed to reunite yourselves.
Perhaps he promised thee to snatch thee from
Thy father.

PAOLO.

Oh, vile thought!

LANCIOTTO.

Am I too vile?
The wicked woman shall depart indeed;
But thee she nevermore will see.—With guards
Let this man be surrounded. Let him stir
No step outside the palace.

PAOLO.

Monstrous wrong
Like this I never will endure beneath my own
Paternal roof. [*Tries to defend himself.*

LANCIOTTO.

I'm master here. Put up
That rebel brand.

PAOLO (*overpowered by the guards*).

Oh, brother, that thou shouldst
Disarm me. . . . Changed, how changed thou art!

FRANCESCA.

Oh pity . . .
Oh, Paolo!

PAOLO.

Francesca!

LANCIOTTO.

Lady . . .

GUIDO.

Come;
Submit, submit to his unreasoning wrath.

ACT V.

[*Early morning before day-break. The hall lighted by a hanging lamp.*]

SCENE I.

FRANCESCA AND GUIDO.

FRANCESCA.

Ah, hast thou pacified him?

GUIDO (*coming from the apartments of* LANCIOTTO.)

Soon as he
Espied me, he arose in terror from
His bed.—*Oh God in heaven! it has arrived,*

He cried, *this cursèd morning. Must I lose*
Francesca? . . . Now my every plan I change,
Without her cannot live.— Meantime upon
His face rained bitter tears; and now he raved
Oft naming thee, now full of love deplored thee.
For long I held him in my arms and wept
With him, allowing free rein to his grief.
Later with gentle words I soothed him and
At last convinced him that it's better thou
Leave without seeing him. Let's go.

FRANCESCA.

Not so,
My father; if I do not see him now,
I never shall see him again; he'll keep
His rancor 'gainst me; and I must be sure
Of his forgiveness.

GUIDO.

Calm thyself. He has
Already thee forgiven; Paolo
As well he's promised to forgive.

FRANCESCA.

Oh joy!
But in this sacred moment do not name,
I pray thee, do not name that man
Whom duty bids forget . . . and I desire it!
Already does he speak less powerfully
Within my heart. Already speaks again
To me my virtue lost, repentance and
Remembrance sole of that most faithful husband
Whom thou didst give me and I could not love.
To him I beg to speak just one time more.
Ah, do not anger thee! Concede this boon.
I wish to show him all my keen remorse
For past ingratitude; to cast me down,
Down at his feet; conjure him not to spurn me.
Go, say to him that if I see him not
Again, alas, then every hope is closed,
It seems to me, of God's forgiveness.

GUIDO.

Must
Thou have it so? Then I'll conduct him here.

SCENE II.

FRANCESCA.

Forever and forever now I leave thee,
O Rimini beloved. City of fate
Adieu! Adieu, unhappy walls, but dear!
Belovèd cradle of . . . those princes. . . . Ah
What do I say! — Eternal God to thee
A final prayer I offer, though I am
A criminal, close not, close not thine ear.
For me I nothing beg; but for those brothers:
PLACE THINE ALMIGHTY HAND UPON THEIR HEAD . . .
Whom do I see!

SCENE III.

Enter Paolo.

PAOLO (*rushing madly forward with a naked sword in his hand.*)

Oh, superhuman joy!
'T is to me given to see her yet again.—
Stop, stop! I shall pursue thee, if thou fleest.

FRANCESCA.

Audacious man! oh, wretched woman I!
And how in arms?

PAOLO.

I have o'erpowered my guards
With gold.

FRANCESCA.

Oh God in heaven! new crimes . . .

PAOLO.

I come
To hinder crimes. Not sated yet, believe it,
My brother's jealous madness were. He thinks
On sacrificing thee. Horrible is
The fear that sweeps me on. Closing my eyes
For sleep, oh, what atrocious sights assailed me!
I saw thee welt'ring, dying in thy blood;
I dashed me to the ground to succor thee; . . .
My name thou didst breathe forth, and then didst die!
A desperate delirium 't was! In vain

I shook myself awake, the savage dream
Doth stand before my eyes. Consider it;
A mortal sweat pours from my every hair
At the remembrance of it.

FRANCESCA.

Calm thyself . . . .

PAOLO.

Raving I rose, the vile retainers bought,
And grasped a sword . . . I feared, alas, I should
No more behold thee. Here I found thee still;
Happy am I! . . . Promulgate thy commands;
Queen of my heart and of my arm thou art;
For thee I crave to die.

FRANCESCA.

Come to thyself,
O madman. Now that man whom thou dost outrage
Was pardoning us. Flee, flee from me. What hope
Hast thou?

PAOLO.

Unless I see thee with thy father
Safely outside these palace walls, I cannot
Abandon thee. An horrible presage
About thy life takes all my breath away.—
Thou dost not love me, then! Thou art resigned. . . .

FRANCESCA.

We must, we must be so.

PAOLO.

Now tell
The when and where we e'er shall meet again?

FRANCESCA.

If on the earth shall end . . . our wicked love . .

PAOLO.

Never! . . . then nevermore shall we again
Each other see!—Francesca; on this heart
Place once thy hand. Sometime hereafter thou,
Placing this hand of thine on thine own heart,
My palpitations will recall. They are
Ferocious; but they will be few.

FRANCESCA

Oh love!

PAOLO.

I had adored thee; not a day had passed
But that I should have sought to make thee always
Happier and more happy evermore . . .
Hadst thou but rendered me, (enchanting thought,)
Father of a fair progeny like thee,
I should have taught my sons to honor thee
And love thee, as I do, next after God!

FRANCESCA.

Only to hear these words of thine is guilt.

PAOLO.

Nor ever mine! . . .

FRANCESCA.

What are you talking of?
I shall forever feel how much I owe
To my own husband and his generous
Self-sacrifices. Protestations now

you have
~~I hate~~. Yes, even if injurious Fate
Should bury him before me, I shall still
Maintain my widow's weeds; nor evermore
By loving thee, except in silence, will I
Offend his sacred memory.

PAOLO.

Thou hast
Ill understood me; wicked prognostics
I do not form; be it my brother live
And slaughter me. But mayst thou live afar,
Francesca, from his wrath; mayst live and, oh,
In silence love me, yes! . . . In thy sad dreams
Thou'lt often see me. Happy shade, by day
And night, forever at thy side adoring,
I'll stand.

FRANCESCA.

Oh, Paolo! . . . .

PAOLO.

Both men and heaven
Have tyrants been with us.

FRANCESCA.

Quiet thyself.
Oh, wretched woman that I am! ~~We are~~ Let us not
Destroy~~ing~~ one another . . . Father, ho! (*calling*)

PAOLO.

No longer has a father any rights
Upon his offspring who makes it a victim
To his own tyrannous desires. Who is 't
Has sepulchred in tears the bloom of thine
Own youthful years? Who is 't has stirred up this
Tremendous fever in thee, whence thou art
Now all on fire? Who was't that pushed thee to
The margin of the tomb? . . . Thy father! He!

FRANCESCA.

Oh, wicked man, what dost thou say?—I hear
A noise.

PAOLO.

No man can wrest thee from my arms.

SCENE IV.

Enter Guido and Lanciotto.

LANCIOTTO.

Good Heavens! What is this? Paolo? . . . I am
Betrayed by my own guards . . . Madness, indeed!
And to be witness of such infamy,
O Guido, hast thou called me? Artfully
She missioned thee to me. They meant to flee
And make themselves mutinous rebels towards me.
They both must die.

[*Unsheathes his sword and attacks Paolo.*

FRANCESCA.

Oh criminal surmise!

GUIDO.

Flagitious daughter, thou compel'st to curse thee.

PAOLO.

They all abhor thee, O Francesca, all;
Me, me alone thou hast for thy defender.

FRANCESCA.

O brothers, do be pacified; I fling
Myself between your swords; the criminal
Is ~~me~~ .

LANCIOTTO.

Then die! [*Stabs her.*

GUIDO.

Ah me, ah me!

LANCIOTTO.

And thou,
Vile thing, defend thyself.

PAOLO (*throwing away his sword and receiving the thrust.*)

There stab.

GUIDO.

What hast
Thou done?

LANCIOTTO.

Good heavens! how bloody 't is!

PAOLO.

Alas . . .
Francesca . . .

FRANCESCA.

Father . . . Father, oh! . . . I have
Been cursed by thee . . .

GUIDO.

Daughter, I pardon thee.

PAOLO.

Francesca . . . pardon me . . . alas . . . I am
The reason of thy death.

FRANCESCA.

Eternal pains . . .
Beyond . . . beyond the grave . . . await us . . . oh!

PAOLO.

Eternal too our love shall be. . . . She has
Expired . . . and I am dying too. . . .

LANCIOTTO.

She has
Expired.—Oh, Paolo! Alas, this sword
Thou didst present me with! let it be turned
On me.

GUIDO.

Hold, hold; the blood shed there is thine;
And 't is enough to make yon coming ray
Quiver in lifting on't the eye of day.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
JAN 17 1983
7703617

CANCELLED
JAN 10 1984
1063909

Ital 8706.20
Francesca da Rimini,
Widener Library 006285085
3 2044 082 310 996